

NOTES BY BILL NYE

His Well Is Doing Quite Well at Present.

LETTER FROM A TEXAS COWBOY

Wishing to Be Informed on Certain Questions—The Sad Story of a Pair of Tan Colored Shoes.

DUKE NIBBLES, N. C.
Times here are quiet, but the weather has been cool and delightful in the western North Carolina mountains, and health—coarse, rusty health—may be seen on every hand.

Water was struck in my well in paying quantities a short time since, and tomorrow I will go down into it to wash off the powder stains and kalsomine.



A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.
I shall put in pumping works in September and lay a wire screen to keep the largest of the children from falling into it and giving a chalybeate taste to the water.

Berries have been very plenty this season, straw, black and whortle, at five cents per bushel quart. They are very fine indeed, and grow in great profusion everywhere. I never saw a country so well provided with berries and small fruits. Everything in the way of fruit and colored people grows almost spontaneously here. One pickaninny seems to call for another, as I heard a man say in Buncombe county not long since.

And what are we to do with the rice problem at the south? Everywhere I hear that question, especially where there are no colored people. Hence there seems to be no more probability of a race difficulty than there was when the first shipment of colored people was received from the coast of Guinea. There are no strikes where colored labor is employed. Wages are very moderate, and while a state militia has to be called out now and then in cities where there is no race question, the south, with all her former woes, has had very little trouble of that nature.

The colored man will yet prove no doubt a blessing when new industries open up in the south, and with his wonderful powers of imitation and quickness to learn all sorts of manual work he is most assuredly a safer man to employ, if he could have the training, than a fire-eating, disturbing, dynamiting outcast from Europe.

I hope I am saying nothing that may weaken my social position, which is now the wonder and the delight of all who have examined it, but if some philanthropist like Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Gould would start a colored kindergarten for the training of young colored men in the trades, so that a peaceful but dependent race might have a job, it would make the disturbing element pay attention and be a great and good work applauded by God and humanity.

There is little news here in our country, except that it has not rained since I began this letter, and a neighbor from Transylvania county, who agreed to supply us with butter from last February until our arid cow should give milk, and who has never been here since, just dropped in to say that he had no more milk than he needed himself, but would be glad to supply us with frogs' legs next spring.

The following item I take from the Skyland Advance, published at Skyland, this state:

The other day as we were taking a walk, a motherly blue hen sat down upon us with her feet standing on our neck. We asked her over with a strip of bark and fired two stones at her and she retreated and talked about it the rest of the day. She mistook us for the editor of that great sheet affair, which has had to suspend publication because they lost a letter, who she could run all over town.

This shows that even in Skyland there are bickerings and jealousies among journalists unworthy the age in which we live.

The following letter has been received from a Texas cowboy, whose name is suppressed:

BRACEMONT, Tex., July 23.
Mr. E. W. Nye:
My DEAR SIR—I have a friend over at Beaumont who takes a newspaper which publishes your most highly pleasing letters, and he sometimes brings them out to me, much for we fellows to read, and we have a regular mile-bray laugh when we look at your pictures and read about your adventures, and your cool and your farming and your neighbors. We imagine you are quite a nice and polished gentleman and would like to have you visit us, that is if you ever leave home. Our ranch is on Alligator Bayou, and we boys have had a great deal of fun this spring breeding and marking our stock, which consist of cows, horses, mules and their domesticated, and as we are about through for this season, and as it has been the custom for two of us to get a leaf of absence each summer, and as this is the summer for Jim Hakestraw and me would like to know if you if you part of the country for a summer resort, and if so, how about a cowboy dress to come among you, and further more would it be in keeping with propriety, should I come, if you said so to bring my spurs and riding habit, quilt, saddle and horse, and show those tan shoes what a native Texan is and what he can do with a horse.

I am to be married this fall, that is, we have agreed to do so, but if you should think we could enjoy the month of August up there I will hurry the affair up and give you the pleasure of entertaining a back and groom. She is said to be "under a good character too." Yours truly,

Thanking you for your cordiality, Joe, I would say that we dress here by an offhand way to suit the season. It is very warm at present. If you come now, your "leaf of absence" would answer very well I think.

Your Texas clothes would not get you into trouble here if you were under a good character. You could ride in one of our tournaments also.

We had a powwow at arms last month here at Asheville. Each Sir Knight wears what suits him best. We had one Sir Knight who wore a suit of

quoted mail. He was the homeliest man ever born in captivity.

We also saw in the lists a fat Sir Knight with tin trousers and a white yachting cap. You could wear almost anything, as I say.

The feast consisted in filling up the peasantry with lemonade and warm watermelon at so much apiece and then giving them what is called the grand laugh.

Two thousand of our yeomanry from Sandy Mush bought seats in the grand stand, and when they had seated themselves, surrounded by sour watermelon and all that goes to make life enjoyable, the directors moved the show to another place over toward Biltmore, thus leaving the grand stand to amuse itself by playing baseball to the music of the Skyland Silver Cornucopia band.

The field marshals were pretty plenty and looked well on their nice anamorphic steeds. The Sir Knights also looked fine, especially one of them called Little Lord Fauntleroy, who wore a velvet waist and knee pants and rode a livery horse costing three dollars per day.

The officers of the day were so thick that while they were trying to keep the peasantry back several of them got run into and severely injured. One Sir Knight fell from his horse, and the brute, it is said, stepped on his panoply. I did not hear how the tournament came out, for it got so late that I had to go home and do the chores right after the trial heat and just as the show was being moved again toward Biltmore.

I do not care to be a Sir Knight. I would rather sit in a hammock and keep the floor of the Queen of Love and Beauty. I can ride a hammock longer and with more grace than I can a tall horse with his tongue out and froth on him.

Once I had a fierce horse with a flashing eye and bright red gums, but he tried to go through a barbed wire fence with me, and when he got through he was short several vital organs.

I passed over the fence describing an arc. I described it at the hospital after I regained my senses, such as they were.

North Carolina has a beggar lady who is known as the Flower Girl of the Land of the Sky. In the springtime she sells trailing arbutus that has been a good while on the trail. Later on she sells laurel and goldenrod to people who are new here and want to do good or elevate the lower classes.

Early in the spring the Flower Girl of the Land of the Sky ran out of wormless apples with which she had been supplying the trade in winter and went on the road for the purpose of begging, as she found times dull at her home in Asheville owing to a temporary sag in real estate. So she took to the Hendersonville road, sleeping at evening wherever night overtook her.

Returning from California three years ago, I bought at Spokane Falls a pair of tan colored shoes made of undressed elk-skin. They were very comfortable, though perhaps a little too pronounced. I wore them here last year during the tennis season, so that they were well known west of Salisbury and along the Richmond and Danville road.

This summer the Flower Girl of the Land of the Sky (who is no longer young, she and the war of 1812 having been brought on together), in her tour of Buncombe county and the French Broad, passed at our house and, appealing to us for aid, showed that her feet were almost out and also that her limbs were barely healed up after being apparently very much injured, so that when I saw them I turned away and buried my face in my hands.

Now, thought I, is a fine opportunity to do good. So I gave her my tan shoes and a pair of long bicycle hose, and then read a book while she put them on.



KEEPING FLIES OFF THE QUEEN.
Soon after that she got more forehanded and traveled in the cars. Now in almost every mail I get several letters and quite a lot of postal cards, saying that the Flower Girl is wearing my tan shoes and bicycle hose, but that the writer will not say anything regarding it if I will send on cigars, etc.

Last week I got telegrams from all along the line of road to Charleston signed by friends and saying: "Beggars lady wearing your undressed tan shoes and bicycle hose passed here at 9:35 a. m., bonded south. Do you know of it? Shall we turn her over to the authorities?"

It is said that the sweetest joy in this earthly life, skin only to the joy of a celestial reward at the close of a pure and noble life, is to do a kindness in secret and have it discovered by the public, but this is different. I was telling my physician about the Flower Girl awhile ago, and how my heart bled for her when my wife told me how the limbs of the poor thing had been barbed and battered by travel through the briars and woods.

"Yes," he said, "I took an interest in her, too, and examined her injuries. My diagnosis was that she had tarred her legs to excite sympathy. She does that every spring."

Ah, here is the telegraph boy! He has a message with seventy-five cents due on it. It is dated Hendersonville, last evening, and says: "Beggars lady wearing your tan shoes and bicycle hose arrested here tonight for vagrancy. How did she come by same? Your reply will be treated as entirely confidential."

Hereafter when I do a kind act it will be done publicly and found out in secret.

Bill Nye

CREEPING MALARIA

Insidious and Stealthy in Its Approach.

Deadly and Unyielding in Its Grasp.

Extracts From a Lecture at the Surgical Hotel, Columbus, O., by Dr. S. B. Hartman.

Reported for the Press.

The onset of malaria is often so very insidious that it is quite difficult to detect the nature of it until it has fastened itself thoroughly in the system. Malaria often will pester a person for months without making him sick abed, but making him genuinely miserable—creeping rigors, coated tongue, appetite changeable, and many indescribable sensations of generally disagreeable kinds. Chills and hot flashes of very irregular duration and recurrence come and go without seeming cause. The hands and feet are usually cold and clammy, and the general tendency is to dryness and coldness of the skin of the whole body.

Among the symptoms to which this class of patients are liable, but not all present, may be mentioned: neuralgic headache, nervous chills, hysteria, sinking or faint spells, distressing palpitation of the heart, defective eyesight, total inability to read, write, or do any business; urine abundant, without color, and loss of flesh. Melancholy feelings, a discouraged, listless state of mind, mental depression and confusion of the mind, surely indicate the presence of malaria. This form is called malarial biliousness. For this "walking malaria," which neither puts one to bed nor allows him to work or study, Peruna should be taken as directed on the bottle. A course of Peruna will entirely cleanse the system of every particle of the malarial poison. Therefore, if you have any kind of bad feeling which you attribute to malaria, by all means follow this treatment. It once restores the appetite, cleans the befogged senses, and brings back the hopeful state of mind which malaria is sure to destroy. A thorough use of it will convince you of its wonderful power in all such cases. Peruna can be relied on to cure these cases and restore to perfect health as speedily as the chronic nature of the difficulty will allow. Should constipation exist at the same time Man-a-lin should be added. The Peruna tones up the nervous system and enriches the blood, giving strength and vitality, while Man-a-lin restores the activity of the excretory glands, enabling the system to rid itself of accumulated poison, bringing back to this most unfortunate class of invalids the flush and good feeling of perfect health. Directions for use accompany each bottle.

For a complete treatise on malaria, chills and fever and fever and ague, send for The Family Physician No. 1. Sent free by The Peruna Drug Manufacturing company, Columbus, O.

THE TITAN OF CHASMS.

A Mile Deep, 13 Miles Wide, 217 Miles Long, and Painted Like a Flower.

The Grand Cañon of the Colorado river, in Arizona, is now for the first time easily accessible to tourists. A regular stage line has been established from Flagstaff, Arizona, on the Atlantic & Pacific railroad, making the trip from Flagstaff to the most imposing part of the cañon in less than twelve hours. The stage fare for the round trip is only \$20, and meals and comfortable lodgings are provided throughout the trip at a reasonable price. The view of the Grand Cañon afforded at the terminus of the stage route is the most stupendous panorama known in nature. There is also a trail at this point leading down the Cañon wall, more than 6,000 feet vertically, to the river below. The descent of the trail is a grander experience than climbing the Alps, for in the bottom of this terrific and sublime chasm are hundreds of mountains greater than any of the Alps range.

A book describing the trip to the Grand Cañon, illustrated by many full-page engravings from special photographs, and furnishing all useful information, may be obtained free upon application to John J. Byrne, No. 723 Monmouth street, Chicago, Ill.

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The feebler the constitution, the more susceptible the system is to the causes of disease and the less competent it is to struggle with sickness. Hence where there is a deficiency of natural stamina the physique should be protected and strengthened by the best invigorant that nature produces. Insist on your druggist or dealer giving you "Royal Ruby" port wine, accept of no other "just as good" which they may offer you.

The pure Oporto grape juice, old, rich and mellow, has that fruity taste so seldom found, no matter what price is paid. Quarts bottles \$1.00; pints 60 cents. Sold and guaranteed by White & White, Thum Bros. & Schmidt, leading druggists.

Bottled by Royal Wine Co., Chicago.

A Contractor's Advice.

Dullman's German Medicine company: Gentlemen—I take great pleasure in testifying in behalf of Dullman's Great German Blood, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Cure. I can safely say that I never took such medicine as that cleanses the liver, stomach and kidneys. I was suffering 17 years with blood poisoning, indigestion and loss of appetite and sleep. One bottle did for me more good than six months' other treatment, and I feel it my duty to testify in its behalf so others may try it and get cured. Yours truly,

WARREN E. RUSSELL, Contractor and Builder, Flint, Mich.

For sale at D. C. Scribner's drugstore, No. 73 Monroe street.

In Holland, Mich., Rosebury, publishes the News, and in its columns strongly recommends Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for coughs, colds, sore throat, catarrh and asthma.

Adolf Lallioz, carriage manufacturer, 119 Carroll street, Buffalo, N. Y., states: "I was troubled with noises in the stomach, sick headache and general debility. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."

Zedonia (Registered).

A positive cure for sweaty feet and odors of the feet and arm-pits, scalded and tender feet and chafing. Prompt, effective and harmless. Nature's remedy.

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Those who are in search of something original in floor coverings and draperies, can make their selection now, have their purchases made up, we will store them for you and lay when ordered.

Thus avoiding the rush and delays of the busy Fall Season.

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Badly overcrowded in our Boys' and Children's Clothing Department we will get rid of our surplus after this fashion: For one week we will sell all our \$7, \$6 and \$5 Children's Suits, sizes 4 to 14, at the uniform price of

\$3.38

On the lower priced goods we have made similar cuts. We have made very great reductions on all our Boys' Suits, sizes 12 to 19—\$15 suits for \$10; \$10 suits for \$7 and so on. If you care to save money, it would be a good idea to buy a school suit for your boy now from our bright new stock.

GIANT CLOTHING CO

ALMOST

At Death's Door

FOR

Five Years! NOW WELL



JOHN S. DYKSTRA.

Such was the condition of John S. Dykstra, hardware merchant of No. 63 West Leonard street, Grand Rapids, Michigan. Says Mr. Dykstra: I had doctored with many of the best (so called) physicians of Grand Rapids during the past five years, all to no benefit. My case was one of the worst form, with large scrofulous sores, and my kidneys with bladder and nervous troubles, so so bad at times that life was not worth living for. I could not dress myself at times and was compelled to quit my store. I went to Dr. Gunn and he made an examination into my disease, and said although it was a complicated affair he could make me a well man. At the time I called upon the doctor I had a large abscess below my knee which today (July 9, 1922) after three months' treatment, is perfectly well. I am now working every day, and for anything so far as I know, I am perfectly well, and I would heartily recommend others who are afflicted with any hard chronic disease to try Dr. Gunn.

JOHN S. DYKSTRA, Hardware Merchant, No. 63 West Leonard street, Grand Rapids.

CERTIFICATE OF KENT, STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this eleventh (11) day of July, A. D. 1922.

HERMAN N. DORRIS, Notary Public in and for Kent County, Michigan.

OFFICES

Dr. W. H. Gunn are permanently located at rooms 39, 40 and 41, third floor, Powers' Opera House Block, Grand Rapids, Michigan, where so-called incurable diseases of male and female are treated successfully. The Dr. Gunn has had years of hospital experience, and is one of the most expert in diagnosing disease. He therefore will know your true disease, no mistake. Patients far away are requested to write for a printed list of questions. When filled out and returned will enable the doctor in making a correct diagnosis at though you were at his office in person, then treatments may be sent you by express. Enclose stamp. Address:

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